

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Battle Buddies 4 Life"

(feat. Dizaster)

*[Dizaster:]*

Ayo, my next King of the Dot battle  
Full of arm grapples, bar shackles  
All facts, somebody gonna get their top snappled  
I bottled it all up, but now you gon' get yo head cut the fuck off just like Saddam's statue  
Army commando armed camel all camo AR ammo  
In a standoff with Steven Segal and Rambo  
Stick your arm out, while I'm standin'  
In vantage point a hundred yards out  
And I blow your hand off like the jackal  
Godfather like I'm Marlon Brando  
I'm off the bar handles  
Lettin' off the bomb shrapnel  
Inside of the god's chapel  
Fuckin' with your seed like Mosanto  
Sharper than most large panels  
Spark candles, for the ones that pass away  
I cherish everyday cause life is just a large gamble  
This is just the wrong channel  
Rippin' through your ross flannel  
Caught across fire, turn your block into Los Santos  
Los Angelos, heart bandit with Canibus on the track  
Get caught stranded on [?] map candid  
You catch me whippin' these cats  
On an ass-whippin' rampage  
I'll throw a fast leg like Johnny Cage, minus the black shades  
Anderson Silva, how I snap legs

*[Canibus:]*

King of the Dot

Muscular dystrophy patients inflicted with inflammation  
Barricaded with Oakland raiders placing wages  
Beam 'em up to my spaceship  
Where the fuck is your immigration papers?  
Don't say shit, soak your lips in this basin  
You're officially famous  
I'm officially off the reservation  
I'm officially inviting you to my official engagement  
Prophetic, enter the dragon  
Prosthetic, hammers and ratchets  
Kalashnikov muzzle flash  
Brass knuckles crackin'  
Double tap, pop you like bubble wrap  
You stumble, collapse  
Suffering succotash, you a sucka for rap  
Expendable expert commando merc doin' Rambo work

You think cavity search during earthquakes hurt?

I walk with a torn ACL, jump on stage with L

I met Dizaster in the cage by myself

The don dada, big poppa do Krav Maga

The top shaka, shot a Redbull off a pinata

The hurt locker, first name on the roster

Fight you over a dollar, beat the breaks off a Black Friday shopper

Ten million dollar purse, flip a coin, who first?

I'm the referee of this shit, call me Kool Herc

Of the New World Order, New Earth

Choke you with a tire, in a tube, while American mules drag you through the dirt

Up a hill, down the ravine, till the sand wash in my machine

They scratch booty with they hands before they eat

Alphabet savage, count from seven twenty backwards

After three hundred and sixty lashes I don't need no practice

Marketing promotion distribution of plastic, digital tracklist

Hip hop classic, the whole package

I'm the Sundance Kid and he's Butch

Assault and battery

Hot terminology and tenacity

Diz is my battle buddy for life any way

I put Dizaster vs Marshall Mathers anyday

Say something!